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*Hon. M. Newell Bowell*  
*with Author's Comments*

# ESSAYS

—ON—

## EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS

BY THE

REV. JOHN MAY, M.A.,

INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS,

CARLETON, ONTARIO.

*"The aim of Education is this ; to make a man all that his natural gifts, the accident of his birth, and the claims of his future profession will allow him to become."*

DR. KARL HILLEBRAND.

1. "Cram."
2. "What shall my Calling be."
3. Curricula.
4. Miscellanea.



OTTAWA :

PRINTED BY A. S. WOODBURN, ELGIN STREET,  
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ESSAYS

BY JOHN W. F. B. M. A.

REV. JOHN W. F. B. M. A.

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

CHICAGO

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## P R E F A C E .

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The first of these Papers was read before the "Eastern Ontario Education Society" last August, and ordered to be published. It first appeared in the *Perth Expositor*. "What shall my calling be?" was read before the Russell Association, and its publication was requested. The substance of these "Essays" has been given orally on several occasions. Some of them have been written hurriedly, and may not be equal to too keen a criticism. For these I can only ask the indulgence of the Reader.

J. M.

Ottawa, Dec. 1st, 1880.

## PREFACE

THE first of these papers was read before the  
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L. M.

Chicago, Jan. 1st, 1900

# "CRAM," CONSIDERED,

## I. IN ITS BEARING ON EXAMINATIONS;

## II. IN RELATION TO DEVELOPMENT.

In the English Universities and elsewhere there has prevailed, from time immemorial, a practice denominated "Coaching," which I take to be another name for "Cram." When a young man discovers that there is serious reason for questioning the probability of his being able to walk up to, and through, the narrow gate of an Examination, he hires a "Coach." The business of the "Coach" is, to facilitate his passage through the various stages of his curriculum, until he finally emerges into that sun-lit land in which the graduate shines in all his glory. In this way have thousands of youths reached the coveted rank of Bachelor or Master of Arts, who, without special "Coaching," would never have attained the envied distinction. This being a well-known historical fact, you will not be surprised to learn that I am not one of those who regard "Cramming" as a process simply and utterly valueless. On the contrary, considered as a means to an end,—and that end success at examinations, on which one's life success may hinge,—Cram must always hold a venerable place educationally, or at least so long as Examinations continue to be conducted as they now are, and have been for ages. Our present question touches, not the philosophy of "Cram," but its utilitarianism. Until Examinations be revolutionized, young men and young women, however brilliant, must Cram or be Crammed. So long as the examiner makes huge draughts on memory and light draughts on the understanding, the Examinee must be Crammed. No amount of literary culture; no dexterity in the mysteries of Conic Sections or the Calculi; no acuteness of the perceptive faculties; no brilliancy of wit; no profundity of thought; no soli-



dity of judgment ; no Herculean muscularity of genius ; no scientific realization of the philosophy of History, flowing from the most accurate measurement of the forces which inhere in its Currents and Counter-currents, in the mighty pulsations of Humanity as viewed thro' the telescope of the historian, would ever enable a youth, unless mere memory, by chance, assisted him, to answer the question : "On which day of the week was the Battle of Hastings fought ?" or "what was the name of Paul Jones's mother-in-law ?" The answer is a matter of mere memory, rote, "Cram ;" and since questions such as these occupy so large a space in the Ordinary Examination Paper, you have no alternative but to pack the answers away in your memory. True, you might be a splendid historian, drinking deeply of the waters of its instruction ; but if you fail to answer such questions, you run a fair chance of being "ploughed." What the precise amount of intellectual sustenance may be which inheres in such items of knowledge ; the mental loss sustained by the unhappy individual who is so unfortunate as not to possess them ; the exact increment of mental opulence produced by the acquisition of such jewels of truth, I may consider before I close. Our present business is with "Cram" as a means—not of Education or mental growth—but of passing certain ordeals. If this end be indeed a worthy one ; if it be necessary that you *should* pass such or such an Examination ; if, as is often the case, your very "bread and butter" depend on your passing ; if, in a word, it is bread and butter, gold and silver, you are after, and not Education ;—cultivate "CRAM." You will find it your nearest and dearest friend. It will open up to you many a short cut to "marks ;" and marks mean to you, now, gold and silver,—the *summum bonum* of your earthly existence. Gather up all the shreds and scraps you can find ; and stow them away under that hat of yours. Ransack text-books, "Reading-made-easies," "multum-in-parvos," musty tomes, little primers, encyclopedias, "enquire—

within," newspapers, everything. Never mind the reasons of things, their connection, their philosophy. Gather into your ark of every kind both bad and good. Gather them singly; don't mind *pairing* them, for they are barren. Gather them in;—the flying fowl of general knowledge; the creeping things of cunning, little-minded Examiners; the beasts of the field which dwell in the regions round about Arithmetic, or Grammar;—for, lo! a great deluge of questions is about to be let loose upon your head. Herein is wisdom: the man who Crams much and thinks little, stands a fair chance of out-stripping him who Crams little and thinks much. So lovely a thing is "Cram!"

But what is good Cram? and how shall a youth best Cram himself or be Crammed? Good Cram signifies the raw material wherewith to meet all probable questions of a non-rational character. It means memory's store house filled with lumber out of which may be made to order answers to all possible questions; especially those of a disconnected, superficial, empirical character.

Let me speak gravely to those who would qualify, I do not say to teach a school, but to get a Certificate of qualification to do so. Do you desire to know when you have been sufficiently primed for examination? I shall tell you. When you know the whereabouts of all the places you never heard of before; the name of the highest mountain in the world; the two biggest salt lakes on the face of the earth; the tallest pine tree in the Ottawa valley; the greatest number of sheep on any one farm in Australia; the distance of the source of the Jock River from Franktown, mentioning the number of times you would cross it in driving from Perth to Ottawa; the number of Railroads centering in Toronto; the name of the place where the first "strike" was held; the population of Timbuctoo, last census; and the name of the court tailor to the late King of the Zulus;—When you know all this you are ready for the *Geography* Paper. When you have

learned that there is no Article in the English language; committed a host of stupid, polysyllabic, beclouded, and wholly useless definitions to memory; acquired a vocabulary of jargon invented by successive writers on Grammar, whereby they now reveal and now conceal their meaning, but always bewilder and bother the learner; when you are able to tell what Murray said on this, and Mason says on that, and what somebody else has mercifully refrained from saying on something else; when you can gabble glibly concerning predicates, completions, and extensions, though utterly blind as to the true construction, marvellous beauty, fine-shaded expressiveness, and imperial force of the English Tongue,—you are ready to pass on *Grammar*. So soon as you can spell all the words that are seldom or never used; and can correct the false spelling that will stick to you for life, you are Crammed for *Spelling*. If able to Catalogue the Sovereigns of England, giving the dates of their births, marriages, accessions, dethronements or deaths, enumerating the generals, battles, sieges, executions, intrigues, conspiracies and murders of each reign; the squabbles of Greece, Rome, Persia, Carthage; when you can name the day of the month on which Canute sat on the sea-sands commanding the regardless tide; the hour at which King John went to bed, or Queen Elizabeth said her prayers; with other the like weighty matters, the non-possession of which would argue a lamentable defect in your historical training,—you are properly and sufficiently equipped to sweep the *History Paper*. Your knowledge of History will be deemed prodigious. And why should it not be? Is not every body aware that to know that the Battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday is a matter of far higher importance intellectually, than would be a knowledge of the causes which led to it, an analysis of the personal or national motives underlying all, or the mighty significance of the issue for all nations and all time. Yes; if you will be advised by me, never forget that the Battle of Waterloo was fought on Sun-

day, or that Henry the Eighth had six wives. And so on throughout. Don't spend to much time in meditation, reflection, or any kind of thinking process whatever. Life is short : Examinations long. The world is one vast magazine of facts. Like the Devil-fish, stretch out the long arms of your retentive faculties; and enclose as many of them as possible. As a rule, the more time you spend fingering the fringes of Truth; raking up the shreds and scraps that fly from her loom as she weaves the indestructible asbestos web of true education, the greater are your chances of success—at *Examinations*. But don't confound this with Education. See to it that you are fully Crammed : and now let us enquire how this may best be accomplished.

In our day, and pre-eminently in this country, there should be no difficulty in Cramming yourself, or in getting Crammed. The facilities are numerous. You do not need to look for them. They meet you at every turn. On every conceivable subject from the spelling book up to the highest pinnacle of learning, is the way strewn with "ladders to learning," "helps to read." Should you happen to get "ploughed" can you blame Miss Brown who has cooked English History to suit the most fastidious palate; putting it up in a dainty little dish? or Dr. Syntax who has beaten out the English Grammar into two nice volumes? or Mr. Robertson who has smoothed the rough road to Parnassus? or Dr. Smith, who has dished up just enough English Literature? or Mr. Jones, who has filed the roughnesses off the Mechanical Powers? or Mr. Brown, who has made Statics so easy? No. You have only yourself to blame, should you fail to scrape together from so many accommodating sources, sufficient material out of which to manufacture answers to any set of questions which is likely to be placed before you.

Perchance, however, you do not know exactly how to set about this work. Well then, remember, in the first place, that whilst "Cram" is a short cut to "Pass," there are also short cuts to "Cram." He is little better

than a block-head who crams pell-mell, by sheer dint of memory. There is a stylish, a scientific way of doing it. The secret is so precious that I feel almost reluctant to disclose it: but here it is. Before you begin to "Cram" on any given subject, make a special study, not so much of the subject as of the *Examiner*. Endeavour to diagnose his infirmities; to measure him in all his length, and breadth, and depth, and height. Is he to be your examiner in Geography? Study the book he is sure to have published on that subject. Is he a great "light" on Arithmetic or Algebra? Master his methods. In a word, let your real acquaintance with any branch of study be great or small; there is one thing you must never overlook—the style, methods, peculiarities, or eccentricities, of the Examiner. Thoroughly posted in this direction, the chances, *ceteris paribus*, are in your favour; equally well posted in any other, without this,—the chances are against you. Should any one object to this advice as savouring of immorality, I would simply reply that to my mind the whole region of *Cramland* emits a faint odour of unreality and want of truth; and if it be not immoral to Cram at all, it cannot be immoral to Cram the best way you can. It can never be thought vicious to do a virtuous thing to the best of one's ability.

I may add that an excellent and legitimate mode of Cramming, is, to take notes of your reading as you go along, committing these afterwards to memory. Were I going up for Examination, I should work vigorously in this way to within a few days of the ordeal; when I should pitch the whole thing to the moles and bats, betaking myself to the invigorating exercise of rowing, fishing, shooting, or cricket. Never go jaded to an Examination.

## II. IN RELATION TO DEVELOPMENT.

I now come to the second part of my subject, viz: "Cram" in its relation to Development, or, as an instrument of Education. And perhaps I could not do



better than say at once that it is hardly to be deemed a means of Education at all. In order to pave the way for the establishment of this assertion, it will be necessary to enquire at the outset, what Education *means*. Now, what *does* it mean? It means the very opposite of "Cram."

The very Etymology of the word condemns "Cram." "Drawing out" can never signify "filling in." It is true that we cannot develop the mind without, at the same time, feeding it. The farmer alternately crops and manures the soil; nor would he gather any harvest but weeds without the sowing of seed. But his ultimate aim is to fill his granaries by developing to the utmost the dormant, but fructiferous energies of Mother Earth. He puts in little: he draws out much.

To get at the root of the matter, let us ask, "when does Education begin?" Is it when the child enters on its school career? No. I am strongly disposed to hold that the most important part of a child's curriculum, because the most permanent and far-reaching in its effects, is that which precedes his school days. From the *natal* day Education dates. Seed sown at this stage strikes its roots deep into the mellow virgin soil: the field is forestalled: the harvest is everlasting. Don't flatter yourselves, teachers, that *you* began the work, that you laid the corner stone. Long before a child is committed to your care, he has been at school. His mind is not a *tabula rasa*—an unwritten sheet. He has had communication with his surroundings. He can speak a language whose very alphabet he knows not! The dog and the cat, the piping bird, the purling brook, the stinging mosquito, his father's frown, his mother's caress, have been his tutors. Who taught him a language in a few months, which, at a later date, it would have taken him years of patient effort to acquire? Nobody! No Grammar: no dictionary; no tutor: he speaks! Any "Cram"? Did you ever see a mother "Cram" a language into her infant? And yet he speaks it, and speaks it well! He has

acquired some of the rudiments of his education : the "twig" has already received that twist which will show in the "tree" ; and, whether you will receive it or no, this pre-scholastic education, as underlying all, will affect that of the school, and the University, and his whole career just as the sea-swell waves the ship-masts in port ; or the subterranean uneasiness of the earthquake rocks the tall trees of the forest. No. His mind is not a clean slate. Herein is your mistake. That mind is thick-strewn with the germs of thought ; and your business, if you know your business is, to cause these germs to grow. Yours it is, not more to begin scattering seed on a vacant soil, than to cherish and foster the seeds already there. What is the Alphabet, what the words you teach, but vehicles of expression,—outlets for ideas whose elements are in the mind already, as well as inlets for the materials of more. And if you realize your vocation, you will find that it consists, so far as mental training is concerned, mainly in developing thought and the habit and power of thinking. Your field is the *mind*. Drill it well. Cut out the thistles. Choose your seed. Sow thin. What would you think of a farmer who should sow twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. This is what we are doing in our schools—twenty bushels to the acre. This is "Cram" !

Mental education means mental development. It consists in taking the mind as it comes from the hand of the Creator, and causing *all* its faculties to "grow with the the child's growth, and strengthen with his strength." If we would preserve intellectual symmetry, we must not cause or suffer any one faculty to out-run the rest. "Cram" inflates memory : and a monstrosity results. Prime essentials in this delicate work are, calmness, not flurry ; coolness, not fever heat ; *multum* not *multa* ; thoroughness, not "smattering" ; thought, not "Cram." Learning so conducted is healthful for the mind ; healthful to the body ; and a beautifier of the countenance, making it beam with an ethereal light. Memory, perception, judgment, imagination, unculti-

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vated, are the tools; in a crude state, by which, if left uncultivated, man would have to hew his way through this rugged life. The Teacher's office it is, so to train, temper, polish, sharpen, and complete them, that, with them, a man may cut his way through the rocks of Time, as though these were made of cheese! The schoolroom is not so much a place where knowledge is acquired, as it is a *shop*, in which the implements by which a man is to acquire knowledge in his post-scholastic days, are wrought to the highest pitch of perfection. The work of the school-room is not to delve the mine of man's exhaustless knowledge; but to get ready the *tools* for digging. Hence a youth might leave School or College at the age of twenty-one, singularly deficient in general knowledge; and yet be highly *educated* in the true sense. In his hands is now a lever by which to move the world of knowledge. He has simply postponed the acquisition of multifarious information,—preparing, as he was, the implements by which to dig deep into its mines, or plough its boundless fields. The uneducated mind, in quest of truth, is but a hoe or a spade; the educated is a gang-plough driven by steam. A boy barely able to read, incapable of telling whether Toronto is in Canada or in Portugal, yet master of the Forty-seventh Prop. of Euclid—and such a supposition is quite legitimate—is truly educated so far. The “*hedge-schools*” in Ireland, producing the best Non-University mathematicians in the world, have proved this. These schools gave Geometry, the Chief Science, its due place: they dished up beefsteak, not veal. You will never educate truly by making subjects *easy*; but by cutting down the number to the best. In these are the seeds that fructify. Healthy, symmetrical, intellectual development cannot be achieved by overcharged Programmes of Study. A boy too greedily grabbing at nuts, usually carries off a sorry handful. I care not how *useful* any branch of knowledge may be, it must be excluded if some other subject *educates* better. Botany is a useful Science: but it does not educate

like Euclid. Arithmetic can never be excluded from any School Programme: for, perhaps no subject so markedly combines the utilitarian with the development idea. So, also, since man may not live by mathematics alone, you must, to the world's end, saturate him with Classical literature, or leave him *a dry tree*. Branches of study are like the subjects which the anatomist dissects. Take the healthiest, the best: let these be few, but sifted from top to bottom. Let the whole mental force impinge upon them. Let the bow be bent to the full, at times; but not kept bent long at a time at the first. Let no difficulty be shirked, or gone round; but when some problem of unusual stubbornness crops up in the pupil's path, let him focalize all his mental might on this; rolling up the sleeves of Resolution, and with mallet and wedge whacking away, until his intellectual perspiration ends in victory, and increased intellectual muscle. Here is solid gain; swift advance; a stride in true development, without one scrap of Cram. A single obstinate obstacle hewn to pieces after a stern, protracted struggle, does more to promote education, both mental and ethical, than a hundred tasks which cost no effort. How I love to see a boy malletting might and main at one of these gnarled, knotted blocks!—for, I know that if success crown his efforts, he has set his foot one step higher on the ladder of intellect; that his entire spiritual manhood has risen to a higher plane, equipped with self-added power to grapple with difficulties of what kind soever. I look on with delight, not unmingled with concern. I cheer him on. I watch with jealous eye for the first symptoms of exhaustion. I even watch till the mallet is flung away in despair. Then, not till then, do I rush to the rescue. I turn the block over. I point out a spot at which the wedge may enter. I strike no blow; but I shew *him* where to hit. I lead him to rely mainly on himself; but I do not abandon him wholly to himself. I give him hints: his it is to follow them up. Behold the difference between the true

teacher and the quack! The latter either solves the problem for his pupil, or leaves him to conquer or be conquered. O sacred work of instruction, what murders have been committed by thy unskilled or unfaithful professors!

I want small farms deeply ploughed; few acres vigorously tilled. I want to see, in the schools, few subjects, thoroughly discussed; short hours strenuously occupied. For *all* children, the three R's thoroughly mastered: for the majority little else: for our High Schools and Universities, limited ranges, and no "Cram." Our present course enfeebles the body; and its main tendency is to produce brilliant incapacity. The men of mark; the pioneers of original thought,—have these, as a rule, been gold-medalists! Is Prince Leopold a wrangler! Yet he stands intellectually first among the sons of Albert the Good! he has never been Cram.med. His case is a lesson for educators.

But reform must begin at the top. The gangrene is in the University. So long as College vies with College, not in developing mind so much as in developing voluminous calendars, so long will "Cram" flourish, above, below, and all around. This grabbing at universal accomplishment seems to grow with the world's age; and, in proportion to its growth, is its subversion of Education. It means, for a people, neither physical robustness nor intellectual energy, but a shallow, conceited, chattering imbecility. If we would develop the best minds in the best way, give us in your seminaries less of your cast-iron uniformity,—a freer scope for *options*. Then will taste find its appropriate channels; talent drop into its native groove; and we shall have, at once the useful education of *all*, and the real "survival" and elevation "of the fittest." It is sufficient for any country that the few best minds should be cheered in their ascent towards the higher pinnacles of learning: for the mass of men and women, Cram them as you will, the doom is written to be either professional failures, or, what would be better



for them and the world, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their brethren. Let them plough, and scrub, and sew on shirt buttons, and mind the babies: this is what our country needs.

But, if extended programmes dissipate and bewilder, "Cram" chokes. And how many forms it assumes! Did you ever hear of *physical* "Cram?" They have it in the gymnasium. I cannot here deal with the subject; but I have my doubts concerning this excessive mechanical muscular development. Can the vital forces be thus overtaxed? Is the heart never defrauded in the interest of arms and legs? Again: the College student snatches a brief hour for a walk, meditating alone or conversing with a companion about his studies: what is this but physical "Cram?" Such exercise is all but useless.

There is also *moral*, or *religious*, "Cram." I think I have detected it in the Sunday School; and I know I have heard it drop from the pulpit, again and again. When the staple of pulpit teaching amounts to this: "You ought to do this: you ought not to do that;"—what is this but "Cram?"—and, like mental Cram, barren of results. The soul's depths are not stirred. The heart's affections are not kindled. The seeds of eternal principles are not thrust into the soil. The rock-melting motives of God's nameless love and awful majesty are overlooked. It is a feeding of immortal souls on husks,—pulpit "Cram."

Yes, all "Cram" is husks. There is nothing in it whereby a man may live. Were a person to swallow a straw hat, it might stun his appetite; but how about digestion, sustenance? *Cram never digests*. It contributes little or nothing towards the intellectual frame, unless it be intellectual dyspepsia. You might as well dine on slate pencils; or your bonnet, pins, ribbons and all. The "wizard of the North" used to pull whole feather beds out of an empty hat. This is the hat for me! Something out of nothing; or, at least, much out of little;—this is education. This man stood on the

stage ; displayed the empty hat ; began. First handful small ; next larger ; next larger still ; till at last the feathers came forth in mighty rolls. He was educating the hat ! So must ye wizards and wizardesses *draw out* of the youthful mind ever increasing stores of that precious thought which is, seemingly, not in it. If at the last you would be crowned, see to it that vigorous work shall duly alternate with hearty play, so that the "human form divine" may be built up in health, and strength, and beauty ; endeavour to inspire your pupils with a keen relish for learning ; to endow them with the priceless habits of self-reliance and independent thought ; implanting now and then, here and there, seed-thoughts which shall fructify to mighty harvests ; doing everything calmly, yet vigorously ; with placid composure, yet riveted concentration of thought ;—As in the cool shade and by the still waters, and not under the broiling sun of feverish competition. And, finally, see to it that the moral sense is kept keen, and bright, and pure ; so that the whole man,—body, soul, and spirit,— may prove a blessing to himself and others here, and be blessed amongst God's children hereafter, in the Great School yonder, where they shall learn for ever and not grow weary.

## WHAT SHALL MY CALLING BE ?

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I. THE TRAINING WHICH SHOULD PRECEDE A CHOICE.

II. THE CONSIDERATIONS WHICH SHOULD DETERMINE IT.

There comes an hour in the life of every young man when this question must receive a practical reply : an hour laden with significance to himself and others. There are four solemn epochs in (every) human life : the birth day, the marriage day, the death day, and that on which the question here to be discussed demands a final solution. And surely, when we consider the life consequences of a step which is usually irtraceable, it will hardly be deemed an exaggeration to say, that this last is as serious a period as any one of them. How many a weary life, written over with the awful word "Failure," might have been one continuous career of success, had the true answer to this question been discovered before it was too late ! There is something unutterably melancholy in the spectacle of thousands, nay millions, of men toiling up the wearisome hill side of Life, *on the wrong track*,—straining under burdens meant for men who should be strong enough to bear them ! The very air is laden with the hopeless moan of these mistaken ones as they struggle onward heart broken, knowing that the burden is *not theirs*,—that the path is not the right one, but must now be trodden to the end ! I shall assume that every young person, at some period of his career, seriously asks himself this question :—"What shall my calling be ?" Who is to answer it ? Himself, or others ? Or, himself, assisted by others ?

There is something analagous between the choice of a profession and the choice of a wife. In either case parental predilection ought to be respected as

much as may be. The father feels strongly interested as to the choice his son may make: and it is both natural and proper that he should so feel, and that his wishes in the matter should receive the very highest consideration. But, there is one still more interested than the father, and that is the son. Hence there must be moderation in this parental interference. The man who shall have to maintain a wife ought surely to have the first voice in selecting her: and he who is destined to reap the blessings, or groan under the burdens of his calling, may be allowed some freedom in determining what it shall be.

In England it has been said to be the custom among the nobles and wealthy men to choose the Army for one son, the Navy for the second, and the Church for the last, he being supposed to be the fool of the family. The wit is irreverent, and somewhat irrelevant. The Church in England can count her brilliant scholarly divines by the thousand. And yet, I cannot doubt, that many a youth, distinguished mainly for intellectual effeminacy co-existing with a species of negative moral and religious excellency, has been consigned to "Orders" as his fit and proper calling. Here parental influence would appear to be over exercised. Let our youth have a 'say' in selecting their roads through life; and let them be trained in such a way as to be able to say it wisely and well. Both parent and child will be in a better position to arrive at a wise decision after the latter shall have received a thorough elementary education in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, at the least. The three R's, as being the bread and water of a civilized community, ought to be liberally dealt out to all. The drill in them should be exhaustive; and as this process goes on contemporaneously with the mental, moral, and physical expansion;—as the world opens up before the child, and the first faint shadows of the coming life struggle begin to fleck the sunlight of boyhood, he will begin to realize, however faintly at first the exigencies

of the post-parental future, as well as his gradually expanding capacity of choosing the best path whereon to meet and overmatch them.

But in what does this thorough drill consist? Let us see. I shall of course begin with Reading. Whether this branch is better taught in Great Britain than here I cannot say; but if good readers abound in Britain they must be very fond of that country. As a rule the clergy, teachers, and others who have honored us with their presence from England, Ireland, or Scotland, are not better readers than ourselves; and that is very meagre praise. How rare a thing is good reading anywhere! *Good* reading is a very high accomplishment. Let me descend a step, leaving out the more intellectual part of the process; confining ourselves to the merely mechanical portion of the work. Even then how wretched, usually, is the mere enunciation of the words;—trissyllables mashed into dissyllables; words telescoped; whole sentences jerked forth like duckshot from a gun; final words inaudible. I know one public reader who always lets out his words in pairs, as Noah peopled his Ark! If we cannot have intelligent *reading*, let us have at least distinct and audible *delivery*. I imagine this might be had even from a *fool* whose vocal organs were sound. It is a matter of tongue, teeth, palate. Brains not required. A respectable parrot can do it: University men are found who cannot. Why? Want of training, I suppose; or else, the very commonest of common sense. I never could understand why any ordinary voice could not make itself heard as well as the loudest and most voluminous. Mighty lungs,—a bellowing utterance may fail—except as to noise. A powerful voice will destroy hearing, unless it have other qualities. Clean-cut utterance is the secret. If you would be heard, shoot out the consonants. Attend to each as if it were the sole object of your attention. These are the male letters; and they are dumb without the female—the vowels: but you needn't bother yourself

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about these; they'll cling to the consonants. The tight, small-bore rifle sends its little bullet with a shriller whistle and to a more distant mark than the large,—but the report is no louder.

And yet, the average reader, even if heard, would not be a good reader. Why? He never *learned* to read! I maintain that, as a rule, reading has not hitherto been taught in our schools, as it deserves to be taught. It has been a sort of cross between reading and a Gregorian chant. Signs of improvement are appearing,—and none to soon. Good reading is not only a pleasing and elegant accomplishment, but also an excellent intellectual exercise. You must understand a passage and enter into its spirit before you can read it in public. Good reading implies not only a good voice, trained organs, clear delivery, &c; but also an appreciative interpretation of the passage read. Hence, the acquisition of this accomplishment involves mental growth or expansion to no mean degree. Many people seem to regard learning to read as a mere surface matter. This is a mistake. Good reading can only be the fruit of intelligence and culture. But I find it difficult to treat fully on this head apart from that of the

#### SECOND "R," OR WRITING,

the teaching of the two not only running side by side, but actually interlacing in such a manner that complete separate discussion of them seems impossible.

It was long the practice in this country to send a child to school at five years of age armed with a primer only, or perchance a bit of pine shingle on which the Alphabet was pasted. This book was broad at the top, but whittled down to a handle at the other end. The innocent sufferer, mounted on a split basswood bench, his legs dangling in mid-air, was compelled to contemplate this fascinating shingle six mortal hours a-day under the more austere wooden-legged dominions of that enlightened, happy period. To withdraw his eyes from his shingle for a moment was "an iniquity to be pun-

ished by the judge." In this doleful manner did he pass thro' his first, second, and third readers, and four or five years of his joyous curriculum. Pen, pencil, slate, were all denied him. What a grim introduction to learning; what a punishment for no fault committed; what a fearful waste of most precious time, was that! We are doing better now. Every child is provided with a slate and a pencil. The Alphabet is learned in and by making it. In this way, by the time a child can read any lesson in the First Book he can also write it. Whilst learning to write, his reading is promoted, not hindered. He is also, at the same time, although unconsciously, learning, in the very best way, how to spell, to use capitals and points. And, best of all, his work is quite as much an amusement as a task. Imagine the rapid, ever expanding development in a school in which work has thus begun, continued, and ended! and nearly all school work can be done with slate and pencil. Oral teaching has its use: it is indispensable: but we have been giving it a disproportionate space. It produces inaccuracy—slop-work. By means of it a teacher can make a fine shew; and it is perhaps the best way to wake up a class when sluggish: but it has also a tendency to improve the best in the class, leaving the inferior members daily more and more in the rear. The pupils at the head of the class do most of the answering; those at the foot being well content that it should be even so. Such teaching is slipshod, and every way inferior. The tendency of the written method is just the opposite of this. It produces accuracy, depth, thoroughness. The learner, whilst mastering any given branch in the very best way, is also acquiring that facility of pen and readiness of expression which are so universally desirable. How shall you better teach composition than by exacting a reproduction of the substance of the pupils' lessons, in their own language? If they do this orally you have a magnificent mental exercise; you drill in masculine condensations; you clinch the nail of memory; and

you give no mean training in the first approaches to oratory. Nor is there any valid objection to this early use of the pencil on the score of "spoiling the hand," should ordinary care be taken by the teacher. Beginners should write large: every word, every letter being formed with the greatest care. The tendency of young children is, to write too small. Whenever haste and mere scribbling begin to appear, the remedy of solid counteracting special lessons in Penmanship of a full plump type, should be promptly applied. At worst, however, nothing can be more objectionable than that vulgar hand so prevalent in Ontario even among Candidates for Certificates. This hand is the outcome of defective early training. The mere Copy Book has been too much depended on to make ready, fluent, graceful writers. A flourishing ornamental, or commercial hand may have a useful place; but that place is not among the best scholars in the world. We do not really want flourishes, nor indeed fine writing of any kind, as a rule, especially for the male sex. What we *do* want for the mass is fluency of quill, combined with accuracy and readiness of expression, in a neat, plain legible hand. We want to have our children so taught that long before they leave school, they can write a presentable letter, keep a simple account, frame a resolution, or give a receipt. The penmanship taught in this country has been but too generally of little practical value: whilst the every-day usefulness of that to be acquired as indicated above can hardly be over estimated. There is however, a subject of even higher practical importance; and that subject is

### ARITHMETIC.

This is a branch of learning universally indispensable. Men who could neither read nor write have lived, and some of them not unsuccessfully; but without Arithmetic nobody ever has lived, or can live. Numerical calculations fall to the lot of all; and may

be made without any knowledge of letters : but they *must* be made. Thousands who know not the Alphabet, are able to make rapid mental computations. And is not this, after all, the chief object of this study ? As an instrument of mental culture, Arithmetic is of course, excellent ; but, for the mass of men, ought it not to receive a more practical turn than it usually does ? How many an illiterate old woman in her apple stall could put to the blush, in rapid calculation, some smart young fellows who have mastered *Sangster* or *Hamblin Smith* ? It is the old story. Probably the number of people who will, can, or ought to dive deep into the study, is comparatively small ; for the majority we demand dexterity rather than depth ; accuracy in preference to a mighty power in discovering solutions. This solving of abstruse problems is very valuable regarded simply as a factor in mental development ; and as such, no man values it more highly than myself : and I approve of setting such problems before our classes. What I object to is, that the solution of these problems, on the slate should monopolize so much of the time devoted to Arithmetic. Imagine a young farmer, before whose mighty sledge hammer McLellan's hardest Arithmetical boulders flew to pieces when at school, caught some day on the market figuring on a slate the value of a few bushels of potatoes ! Are such cases improbable ? One of the commonest complaints among parents touches precisely on this point : " John has been through such and such an Arithmetic ; but I find that he cannot tell me what  $30\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of wheat would come to at  $\$1.12\frac{1}{2}$  per bushel, without a slate and pencil ! "

These slates and pencils. What shall I say to them ? Time was when their main use was in studying Arithmetic. I believe that they ought to be used less for Arithmetic than for anything else. This will be considered a heresy by some. To divorce Arithmetic from the slate ! What lunacy ! I do not ask it : but I want a rational, harmonious relationship between them. Pure,

useful, practical Arithmetic will flourish as long as it is master, and Slate is servant: but with us Slate is master. Every day I see proofs of this: clever slate solutions; absurd oral answers: and *vice versa*. One day I asked a class the value of 740 lbs. of hay at \$15.00 per ton. The best scholar in the class, having worked out the question on his slate, replied \$87.25! He was really a bright boy: but his foot caught in the slate, and he fell. The slate becomes a snare. The *pencil* may have to do more than its share of the thinking. The whole matter is more than half mechanical. Before I was twelve years old I had groped my way through GRAY, WALKINGHAM, and GOUGH; and "could get the answers"; but how I got them I sometimes couldn't tell. I am of opinion that the slate should only be used *as a last resort*. I believe that under proper training from the first day in school, (for Arithmetic ought to begin the first day) there are very few problems indeed that would not finally yield to persistent slateless solicitation. This would impart to your Arithmetical labours that useful character universally needed. Moreover, the intellectual gymnastic thus enjoyed is priceless; and I may add, the latent capacity of the average mind for numerical calculation is something marvelous. There is something palpably lazy in these pencil estimates. What the mind ought to carry is laid on a stone! This is swimming with bladders. The first thing that you should do after reading a problem is to put your hands behind your back, shut your eyes, and think! The mental strain would, no doubt, be considerable; but we want mental strain—short, sharp, frequent—not mental distraction produced by a multiplicity of studies. Strain away over the three R's. Draw hard. Bend your bow to the utmost according to its quality. Bend often. Relax often. This educates. A youth so trained, exercised, disciplined; a youth who can read well, write well, and flash the lightning figures through his nimble brain,—under ordinary circumstances, aided by tutorial and parental supervision, is already in



a position to form an idea of the main direction of his mental forces, and consequently what his calling ought to be.

I have laid all possible stress on the three R's; because, whatever else young people may learn, in these essentials they ought, every one of them, to receive a thorough training. There are other branches of useful knowledge, however, which may be partially, at least, acquired by all, and thoroughly mastered by some; such as Geography, History and Grammar. My opinion, however is, that by far too much time is spent on these subjects. To the mass what is the use of Geography save as a key to History? a help to intelligent reading on certain subjects? In itself, as taught, it is a *lean* subject,—of little educational value. History is awfully overdone in our Teachers' Examinations; which is a hint to overdo it in the schools. But such history as you can get in an ordinary Text Book is a meagre, hungry, disgusting thing. History must be got, not from bare-bone School Books, but from fireside reading;—perhaps in post-scholastic days. Moreover it is a subject crawling with lies. As for English Grammar, give me old LENNIE, or even a Text Book of 30 pages; and with this and the Readers, I shall undertake to produce better Grammarians than we are now producing with our unwieldy and most oppressively bewildering Text Books on that subject. Indeed, the more I reflect on this whole question of Elementary English Education, the more am I convinced that from the Ordinary Reader we can teach almost all the elementary subjects, *pari passu* with the Reading lesson itself; and that we have been too much disposed to make a separate and distinct job of each. With the Reader and very moderate Text Book aid I can teach (1) Reading, (2) Writing, (3) Spelling, (4) Punctuation, (5) Use of Capitals and Italics, (6) Composition, (7) Geography (8) History, (9) English Grammar, etc. Hence our Text Books on most of these subjects ought to be very concise. The living teacher, Rea der in hand, can do the rest. I believe in small Text

Books. The work of the school-room is *skeleton* work. Its object is to develop the faculties rather than to store the memory or give full fling to information. Here the keel is laid: the ribs attached: the masts planted: the helm and wheel brought into their places: but the painting and the ornaments; the cushioned seats, and the music, and the canvass,—these must be added apart, collaterally, but chiefly after the school days are over. And how?

BY GENERAL READING. I would *exact* a certain moderate amount of dry, school, drill from boys—leaving ample time for recreation, play, general reading: and a great pity it is that such reading is so scarce in the houses of the people. Drill develops the powers: reading expands the intelligence, refines the tastes, rounds the mental figure. Drill without a wide range of reading produces a skeleton, however strong the bones and well-knit the joints: “Cram” produces a body, phthisical and dyspeptic. General reading should go hand in hand with school drill. Our houses should abound with books and papers: our sections with Libraries. But most people will not read. Why? Because they have little taste for reading. And why so? Because this taste was not cultivated from infancy. And how would you remedy this? I answer: By introducing a *child's paper* into every school; and devoting half an hour each day to the reading and discussion of it. This is the way to create a thirst for literature; without which your best “Crammed” and best drilled pupils will grow up little better than *rampikes* in a *brulé*, instead of plump, well-foliaged maples.

Now, after a boy has had a thorough drill in the three R's, with collateral and incidental training in the other branches mentioned above; and has enriched his mind by general reading, and developed his physique by wholesome sports and exercise, the time will probably have arrived when the necessity of steering his course in some definite direction will begin to force itself on his attention; and he will be able to weigh with intelligence

## (PART II.)

THE CONSIDERATIONS WHICH SHOULD DETERMINE HIS  
CHOICE OF A VOCATION.

One of the things on which Ontario prides herself is, her System of Education; and, for so young a country, she has no need to be ashamed of her schools. But is there no danger of going too fast or too far? Have we any real need for nine or ten Colleges, and about 100 High Schools? Is the keen competition between these a real benefit to Education? Is the feverish Cramming which results a wholesome thing for body or mind? Are the facilities afforded in these Institutions a genuine blessing to the land or the individual? These questions are legitimate ones, especially in view of the fact that the youth of the country are being drawn off in alarming numbers from manual labour and agricultural pursuits, to lighter, easier, more high-toned, or more remunerative occupations. That our present system has a strong tendency to produce this result, there cannot be a glimmer of a doubt. That thousands of the sons and daughters of the sturdy pioneers of the country have become discontented with their lot;—a lot far better than that of their fathers,—have learned to regard honest labour as degrading; and are rushing townward for clerkships, milleneries, professions, agencies, &c; and that this is a fact which cannot be disputed and ought to be deplored, I think no sane man will undertake to question. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains. The individual and the state both suffer. When too many rise, nobody rises. If mediocrity in a profession be not desirable, what shall we say of incompetency? Encourage only the best—nature's supremacy of mind—and these are few—Ten High Schools could hold them all. Indeed even these do not need much encouragement. Genuine merit will burst its way through all obstacles. Incompetency means misery to the individual; loss to the community; for he who makes a bad teacher might have made a first-

rate ploughman. A country cannot prosper when too many consume, and too few produce; when it is thought a higher calling to be a measurer of calico than a tiller of the soil. Nor can it be a wise legislation which tends to decimate the ranks of the farmer and the artisan in order to over-crowd the learned professions with mediocrities or absolute incompetents. Were the whole community taught the three R's, and most of those who want professions left to get them as best they could, we should have a more contented body of servants, artisans, labourers and farmers; a vastly superior body of public and professional men. We have not one Public School too many; have we too many High Schools? The Education given in the Public School should be free as air: it is my opinion that those who seek a higher education than this, ought to obtain it by personal sacrifice and generally at their own expense. This would be better for the country, juster to the tax-payer, a relief to the professions, and eventually a blessing to the youth who had to ascend the Hill of Science through great tribulation.

In this paper I have in view principally the agricultural class. Among farmers there is a common notion, but a very false one, that farming is not a high occupation socially. It is not hard to find the origin of this idea. Ontario was originally settled for the most part by emigrants of the humbler type. They were not rich nor did they hold high social pretensions. Nevertheless their descendants are the lords of the soil: a high position. There is no occupation so independent as that of a farmer: *therefore it is pre-eminently the calling of a gentleman.* This independence stamps it as different from all other pursuits. In itself it towers above them all. And it is just as likely—indeed more likely—to afford a competence as any other. I am sure that the percentage of farmers who attain to comfort if not affluence is far above that in any other calling. But the farmer complains of hard work?

There are worse things than hard work. True, in itself it can hardly be considered a desirable thing to come in from the field, weary, and with the bones aching; but remember, the appetite is good; digestion active; the mind at ease; the slumber sound and sweet. I wish I could only get farmers to realise the fact that there is a worse kind of weariness than that of the muscles;—that heart ache is worse than an aching bone. How little does your average farmer know of the worries, the headaches, the mental weariness, the midnight tossings, the daily anxieties, the apprehensions of the Teacher, the Merchant, the Physician, the Clergyman, or the unfortunate School Inspector! He ploughs his field as he will; he fences it to suit himself: no one dares to interfere or dictate. He is “monarch of all he surveys!” Who but himself can say as much? The man who serves the public has a very different tale to tell. His mind doth not dwell at ease. He is never quite free from actual or anticipated trouble. “Monarch of all I survey!” Glorious ideal. If I were monarch of a good hundred acres of land, I should pitch your schools to Jericho to-morrow! Grand thought! To stroll around your fields, jump your own fences, gaze on the spreading oaks, hearken to the bleating of your own sheep, eat your own potatoes, luxuriate on your own buttermilk, put your own hands into your own pockets, and look around and whistle, and say: “All this is mine; and all the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons may go to—church for me!” And although eligible farms in Old Canada may not be within every young man’s reach, NEW CANADA opens her arms to receive and to welcome all who are willing to labour, and to endure hardness: all who prize independence and shrink from the misery which unsucess in a profession is only too certain to entail. Who, with such a prospect before him, would lease himself to the deep humiliations of a supposed life of gentility, which, in most instances, is really a life of lamentation?

“*What shall my calling be?*” In seeking the an-

swer to this question, you ought to give due weight to your peculiar circumstances. If born to an inheritance which, judiciously used, will suffice for the supply of your temporal wants, why then you are pretty safe in giving free swing to your "natural selection," provided your mental, moral, and physical qualities warrant you in so doing; for even in your case you must not do as you please, without regard to circumstances. You might take a fancy to surgery, divinity, or law: but all your wealth might fail to qualify you to amputate, preach, or handle a brief; in which case, being rich, you would be doubly dangerous; since abler men, being poor, would be passed by for you. If you don't need a "Calling" for "bread and butter's" sake, but merely to keep life's golden wheels in motion, why not take to farming? or make a hobby of botany, or chemistry, or entomology? Your private means would make you comparatively indifferent to crop failures; and if your farming were bad, that was your own business. Should the ivy poison your hands or gases blow you up, or the hornet sting you, don't you see that though your outward person suffer loss, your better part retains that health which only a good conscience can bestow? Happy man compared with what you might have been, amputating to death, preaching souls to sleep, or losing good honest cases in court! Remember also that no amount of ancestral wealth warrants you in ruining my leg, somnifying my soul on Sunday, or imperilling my dearest temporal interests in the halls of justice. If you are a rich blockhead by virtue of the like qualities in your father, and must needs have occupation for occupation's sake, you had better travel; or take to ballooning; or devote yourself to pisciculture; killing potato bugs; exterminating Canadian thistles; or endeavoring to locate the precise economic value of any one individual mosquito. A very agreeable and innocent amusement has been found in writing a thesis on the "endocranium and maxillary suspensorium of the bee," also in analysing the



infusoriae to be found in the odoriferous exhalations from the sole of the foot. Or, if indeed mentally capable of profound research, you might find your gold-beladen existence pass pleasantly and harmlessly in diagnosing the *nebulae*,—in determining whether the Milky Way is not, after all, a macadamized road of granulated lime stone: whether the world is 6,000, or 600,000,000 years of age; whether there ever was a *Homer* or a *Shakespeare*; or, what might be the tangible, actual, visible, weighable, material, geometrical value of a “real live” *protoplasm*, when stripped of its encompassing verbiage. Other men of leisure have managed to pass very harmless lives in cognate pursuits; and will be held in everlasting remembrance by a grateful humanity for the amusement, if not instruction, which they have afforded to their less gifted fellow-creatures.

To you who not only *would* consult your predilections in the matter, but *must* also have an eye to the “bread-and-butter” aspect of the question, I would say: “Consider well your environment; your family prospects; your mental power and its drift; your bodily strength; your temperament; the means at your disposal; the chances of so increasing them as to attain your object; the present and prospective state of the various callings or professions:—lay all such considerations together, and—*then decide*. I suppose that most of us who have failed, looking back can see whitherward we ought to have bent our steps—*too late*! These mournful retrospects should never be; and they never would be if young people were always alive to the awfulness of making a mistake that shall hang like a weight of lead on all the years. I think I can help you to decide. I address particularly a farmer’s son, who might have a good farm if he chose; but he has taken a fancy to be something else than a farmer. You want to be a school teacher perhaps? Well, it is a noble calling. Can mortal hands engage in a more important work than moulding young immortals for this life and the next?

Sacred, awful task! how few are equal to it. If it be true of the poet that he is "born" "not made," it is not less true of the genuine teacher. Teaching is a gift, an inspiration. Have you this gift? Can you qualify to pass? Can you be content with a small salary? How about your temper, patience, self-control? After weary years of wearing work, how would you like to retire as a poor superannuated pedagogue? Perhaps you would like to be an Inspector? That is just because you have never been one, and know not what it is. Would you like to be a physician or a surgeon? You are not needed as such. Have you the steady hand and firm nerve required? How would you like a life in which there is no certain time for rest, nor a very certain time for pay? It is a most beneficent profession. There is something Godlike in this healing of the sick: but the labor is great, the remuneration small. Perchance the clerical profession would suit your taste? Here I will not advise you. Judge for yourself. Would you be a lawyer? Ah! now we have it! big nuggets of gold! yes, but, all dug out by a few. Like most other callings this has its prizes; but the profession is already overstocked, and none but the very best can hope to enrich or distinguish themselves. It might also be called a respectable profession, were it not for the countless swarm of pestilent inferiorities that have, somehow, gained an entrance within its pale. These cormorants, who scramble for the crumbs that fall from the Division Court Tables, have made the profession malodorous for all time. If you would enter on mercantile pursuits, all I can say is, that I am assured not more than three merchants out of every hundred succeed. The land surveyor, and the civil engineer are quite as often out of work as in it; although well paid when employed. Of course if your ambition is to rise above the position of a farmer, it were only waste time to ask you how you would like to learn a trade;—to be a shoemaker, a carpenter, a tailor, or a stone mason. Are you sure however, that in your ambition to engage in cultivating

the higher understandings of children, you are not guilty of unfairness to their nether understandings? that in making yourself an inferior school master you would not be spoiling an excellent shoemaker? There is nothing degrading or disgraceful in *any* lawful calling: I should rather be a first-class mechanic than a third-rate professional man. There are mediocrities and nonentities in every walk of life; and perhaps they would do less harm tilling the soil than in any other occupation. Many a one who could never be taught how to make a watch, might easily learn how to dig a ditch, or build a fence, or scatter seed in seed-time. There is something wrong when the learned professions teem with noodles, and the trades with botches; seeing that the rest of the community thus suffer doubly at their hands: first, directly by their botching and bungling; second, remotely, by their absence from the farm, where they might be eminently useful, perfectly harmless, and always in demand,—for you cannot overcrowd this calling. Believe me, it is no joke to have a suit of clothes sent home late on Saturday night—a suit in which you were to appear in church next day—and find them fit so badly that you cannot wear them. Very likely you will have all the greater need to go to church! Doubtless, nature meant that tailor to cut clods, not cloth. Or suppose the suit to fit, and and you go to church but hear a useless discourse: again you say of the preacher, “This sower has got into the wrong field.” And so we come back to where we started: the wrong man in the right place: the square man in the round hole: little men in the armour of giants: asses mistaking themselves for Arabian steeds: men making laws who cannot write them: or feeling pulses, who ought to be *feeding out pulse*; or training “young ideas,” instead of trees, how to shoot. It is said that Dr. Pomeroy, the clairvoyant physician, takes his patient’s hand, goes off into the clairvoyant state, and names the disease. Would that we had some Pomeroy to take each youth by the hand and say unerringly, you are a doctor, and you a carpenter, and you a tiller

of the soil. How smoothly then would roll the wheels of life! No jarring. No waste. No giants wearing boy's trousers. No dwarfs strutting in the armour of Saul. Until that happy time arrive, let us choose as best we can; knowing that for Time at least, the decision to ourselves and many others may be fraught with weal or woe, whatever it may prove for Eternity.



# CURRICULA.

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## I. MULTOS.

We attempt too much in our schools and Colleges. The range of studies is beyond the grasp of any one intellect. The effect is bad from any point of view; but Education Herself is the chief sufferer.

When the whole mass of our youth become saturated with that instruction which is the birthright of every child and a necessity in every instance,—the three R's at least, thoroughly mastered,—the solid foundation of genuine National Instruction has been laid. This is the level plain or rolling landscape from whose fertile bosom should spring up, here and there, the hills of Secondary, the mountains of Final Education. It is a stool from which ambitious youth may climb to higher things. From this platform he who feels within him the ability and the wish to rise, may accomplish his purpose by making sacrifices and enduring privations. These sacrifices and privations furnish at once a test of this ability and ambition, and render possible that annealing process which burns acquirements into the very being, and renders elevation valuable and enduring. When rising is easy many will rise: when too many rise, nobody rises. We are making mistakes here. We are crowding the land with the offspring of High School and College to the detriment alike of the individual and the Community, We are forcing a host of mediocrities or worse up to a *plateau* on which it was never intended by Nature that they should tread; and where they elbow and jostle Nature's Greater ones in the struggle for existence. Nature's intellectual nobles are few in number; and these need no forcing no petting, no unusual privileges,—only protection from

mediocrity. There is a mighty intrinsic value in the very difficulty of rising. Rugged, not rosy, are the roads that wind up the slopes of the Hill of Science. You are not befriending aspiring youth by too smoothly macadamizing these paths. So many scramble for prizes that these are comparatively few and small. I am not a warm advocate of too profuse assistance to students. The less help you render a clever lad,—and it is only such that ought to seek a profession,—the better ultimately for himself and for masculine scholarship. After all, the world does not need many scholars : these can only be made out of the very best material : such material is scarce. Within it, however, is that expansive force which *will* burst its way through all obstacles. Let us, mediocrities, stand aside. We do not need Double Firsts or Senior Wranglers between the plow handles : but we do want *intelligent* ploughmen ; and we want to see the high places of the land filled with men to whom Nature has issued her patents of Nobility. Diamonds of this kind, although scarce, are yet so numerous as to preclude the necessity of trying to polish and beautify the coarser stones. We are, in Canada, an agricultural people ; and our interests are jeopardized, our social equilibrium disturbed, by a very common desertion of rural labour for school teaching, clerkships, or professions. Thus, whilst Agriculture looses, Scholarship makes no real gain ; the learned professions are degraded by an influx of Inferiorities more or less artificially produced. Is it not sheer folly to give a young man or woman the highest possible Education with its concomitant refinements and literary delicacies, and then expect them to take to scrubbing or hoeing turnips with enthusiasm ?

## II. MULTA.

When a youth's education fits him for the life battle, it is a blessing. When it *unfits* him, it is a curse. And it *is* possible to educate a young man away from



all aptness for battling with the world as he may chance to meet it. Modern Education has done this more than once. We have too much taught *too many people*: we are also trying to teach *too many things*. Not in Ontario alone, but, it would seem, all over the world, prevails a very epidemic of mental covetousness. Men must needs know all that is knowable. It is a vain ambition. It is what no man has ever achieved or ever shall. A Methuselah would be mad to attempt a task like this. The older grows the world, the remoter the accomplishment of a desire so insane. This rage for universal knowledge accounts, I suppose, for the wide range of studies exacted from students at the higher seats of learning. I do not say too many subjects are taught in our Colleges; but that too much is asked from each student. Teach what you will; but let the principle of OPTIONS prevail. We teach too many things at one and the same time to one and the same student. This evil is not unknown in our *Public Schools*. I have known young children have to sit up till 11 o'clock at night poring over their lessons for the next day. It is a sad sight. It means life-long injury to mind and body. And what is the gain? A few snatches of half-culture, with shattered health, impeded mental growth and power. In such instances, however, the Teacher is to blame rather than the Programme; or, perhaps I ought to say, the high pressure which drives him to over-task his pupils in order to maintain his credit at Examinations. In Ontario, the Public School Programme has been reduced to very reasonable dimensions; and if the admirable directions which accompany it were duly regarded, no injury could arise from over-work. With both the letter and the spirit of these instructions I most heartily agree. They do credit to their author and to the Minister of Education. Wisdom is stamped on every line of them. And, if the High School course is too burdensome, I suppose the blame must lie at the door of the University. Whither this last may shift the responsibility I cannot

say, unless it be to the shoulders of Public Opinion—supposed to be enlightened. It seems that Public Opinion, on the whole, leans towards continually increasing the number of studies in the various *Curricula*;—the enlightenment may well be questioned. At College I have witnessed very sad results from this attempt to master too many things at once. The mind it distracts, gluts, disgusts: the body it robs of the exercise and recreation which are its due, and the power of digestion, without which both body and mind will soon come too grief. When the student is attacked by both mental and physical indigestion at once, his case is bad enough. A calm, unflurried, though intense mental activity is not only not objectionable from a hygienic point of view, but positively tends to promote the health of the whole man. Not so mental inaction on the one hand, or fevered mental overstrain on the other. The human mind may exercise itself in close, deep, intense, nay prolonged meditation without detriment, so long as no distraction occurs to ruffle its contemplations. But this is just what does occur hourly when the student has “too many irons in the fire.” The body suffers; the mind is surfeited—disgusted. The distaste for studies thus engendered will last for years, perhaps for life. “It is clear,” says a high authority, “that the hasty mental fingering of a dozen heterogeneous subjects robs them all of the freshness of their interest; and the half-instruction in them which we receive at school, destroys their zest for all our after life.” There is too much truth in these words. I know from experience that the smoke, and fog, and cobwebs which gathered in the old College days over certain “hastily fingered” subjects, have only been dispelled, in my case, and a fresh interest created in these subjects by a determination to begin anew, and form a calm, rational, re-acquaintance with them. Perhaps the majority of students *never* get over the *nausea*. In any case recovery takes time, convalescence dawning as the blood begins to cool, or the Evening Sea-breeze

of Life to sooth the fevered temples and refresh the wearied soul. How dreadful! the sanctuaries of learning made the fountain-heads of a life-long distaste for it!

The crowning twin Educational heresies of our time are these: (1) *Whatever is worth knowing ought to be taught in school*: (2) *Whatever cannot be converted into an immediate practical, or cash, value, ought to be excluded*. These heresies prevail extensively among the "New Lights"—"advanced thinkers"—and self-styled "scientists;"—gentry who occasionally retrace their steps to eat their own progeny;—who sneer at the poor antiquated divine and his dogma, when they are in the very act of exploding their own. And what can be more plausible than the idea that whatever is worth knowing ought to be taught in school! Surely I *ought* to try to know all that is worth knowing? This is the tone abroad. Every new thing if useful "ought to be introduced into our schools." I wonder we have not dynamite manufacture on our school programme! Where is there a more effective agent of human progress? Why not teach the children how to make, handle, and use it? Is it not disgraceful, in this enlightened age, that a man should travel on a Railway and yet not know anything about the engine? Send telegraphic messages in total ignorance of electricity? Vote at Elections, and yet be ignorant of Jurisprudence or Political Economy? Sell geese at 'Xmas, without having taken a course in ornithology? Breathe common air every day, and yet die without knowing even the names of its constituent elements? Such ignorance is inexcusable. In one of our County schools, I was once present whilst a class was questioned on *Human Physiology*. And edifying it was to witness the rattling brilliancy with which they named and numbered the various parts of the human frame,—the number of bones in the hand, foot &c., &c. I could not help asking myself: "Cui bono?" If *my* foot should get crushed, what would it profit me to know how many bones are

in it? Away with such a waste of time! Life is too short for it. School life cannot afford it. Of what conceivable use is it for a child to know the number of bones in the human foot? Should any one of these bones become displaced, would he be found one whit nearer the skill to set it right than another child who did *not* know the number of bones in the human foot? This school-book Physiology is a waste of time and energy. The structure of the human frame cannot be learned after this fashion. The difference as to any real, practical, useful knowledge of Anatomy, between the child that can rattle off streams of book-matter on the subject, and him who has never opened the book, is, as near as possible, *nil*. The former has given his memory a notoriously superfluous drill, but will be the glory of the Schoolmaster on Examination day. *Chemistry* introduces you into a field whose value cannot be over-stated: yet, touch it not, unless you can make a special study of it. *Botany* is a lovely science. What would one not give to know, not the *names* only, but the nature and uses of the endless infinitude of plants? Herein may be locked away a very magazine of "reliefs" for pain. Somebody, some day, may find the key: the mass of the educated must be content to remain in ignorance, unless a jingle of hard names constitutes scientific knowledge. Huxley says:\* "For my own part, I would not raise a finger, if I could thereby introduce *mere book work* in Science into every Arts Curriculum in the Country. Let those who want to study *books* devote themselves to *Literature*, in which we have the perfection of Books both as to substance and as to form. Books are the money of Literature, but only the counters of Science,—Science being the knowledge of *fact*, of which every verbal description is but an incomplete and symbolical expression. And be assured that no teaching of Science is worth anything as a mental discipline, which is not based upon the direct perception of the facts, and practical exercise of

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\* Inaugural Address, Aberdeen, 1874.

the observing and logical faculties upon them. Thus I am strongly inclined to agree with some learned schoolmasters who say that, in their experience, *the teaching of Science is all lost time.*" Here is one of the living Princes of Science on my side against bothering youth with *Book Science*,—the dead foliage of Nature—because it cannot be taught from books: also because of the *brevity of life*; for he says further on, quoting an old song:—

“ ‘If a man could be sure  
That his life would endure  
For the space of a thousand long years ’—

he might do a number of things not practicable under present conditons." Methuselah might, with much propriety, have taken half a century to get his doctor's degree; and might very fairly have been required to pass a practical examination upon the contents of the British Museum, before commencing to practise as a promising young fellow of two hundred or thereabouts." Not in school, or during school days are these things to be learnt, but after school days are over—if ever. For most of us no matter if never.

The second heresy would exclude whatever cannot be immediately used, or converted into cash. This doctrine is, if possible, more pestiferous than the last. There are subjects of great value as instruments of culture, which are yet, to the mass, of little direct, tangible, financial use. Such is Geometry; a subject of which it can hardly be said as it may be said of Arithmetic that it can be turned to daily account. And yet, who would desire to see Geometry cut off the programme? Who would compare the vulgar trickery of figures with the noble science of Geometry. It is the science of God,—the Architect of the universe,—whose boundless realms certain "scientists" would circumscribe with parallel lines which meet! I know of no subject of less direct cash value to most people, nor of any in which I should prefer to see my son proficient, except

perhaps Classical Literature. A study which, above all others, develops, guides, strengthens the reasoning faculties, ought not to get the 'go-by' in an age of Reason. No, no. It will never do. There are useful Branches which ought not to be taught in school, (I mean the common school especially); useless ones which ought, and which must, if we would not descend in culture below the level of our ancestors. Beware of quacks.

If every human being possessed an accurate knowledge of all that is, would the sum of human happiness be really greater than it now is? The wise man says: "In much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." There is a wide range of fact not *desirable* for every one to know, even were such knowledge possible. I don't know the number of bones in my hand, or how they help to move this pen: I never knew; yet I learned to write, and can still write, I imagine, just as well as if I had learned all about my hand before I suffered it to grasp a pen. Voluntary and involuntary, flexor and extensor muscles, do their work all the same whether I know their number, name, positions, and uses or not. Does a man see any better after he has learned the rudiments of Optics than he did before? Ought he refuse, on principle, to hear sweet sounds, until he has done justice to Acoustics? Who would not enjoy the "bag-pipes," even had he never learned a note of music? Indeed, once admit the principle that we ought to know a thing because it is true, and teach it because it is worth knowing; and you at once stretch human life on a rack from which there is no release, and in which there is no healthy growth, development, or ease:—you sentence it to a *curriculum* of sheer distraction. There is no limit—no halting-place. If a child ought to be taught the number of bones in his foot, why not also, in his hand? Why not the muscles and their names? and *all* of Anatomy? and physic? and surgery? and medical jurisprudence? Why stop at man? Here come the



Dog, the Horse, the Snake? the Fish, the Bird: why not analyze and master these to the last distinctive hair, or scale, or fin, or feather? Why not "memorize" the number of teeth assigned to a normal bull-dog? The knowledge would be about equal in value to that of the number of bones in the human foot. Why not diagnose the fangs of a blue moccasin? or, enumerate and classify the scales on a black bass? But the former haunts the long-grassed "bottom lands" down by the wild Western River; and the latter loves the deep water: to be consistent, thither must you follow them, so as to learn all about their *habitats* as well as themselves. *Love* is useful: what were the world without Love? How tremendously important to human beings it is that they should love "wisely" and—*not* "too well!" Yet where are your Text-books? Your professors of the precious Art? What art more important than that of *shoe-making*? But if all could make shoes, nobody would have good ones: and the sermons would be worse than they are. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

The school world must respect the old principle of the Division of Labour. Without this, human society would come to a stand-still, or go crashing "heels over head." It is a nice thing to know how to make a watch: but, if your son is destined for the Law, he has no time for watch-making. We must have more Options after the three R's: and special subjects must always be left to special men. I know of but one Science on which *all* kinds of people are qualified to give an opinion—the Science of Theology. I never knew a man hold his tongue on this from a consciousness of ignorance. Surrounded by this rage for universal attainment, it demands no little courage in a man to be, and to remain, ignorant of many things,—I had almost said *proud* of his ignorance. Yes, a man can afford to be even proud of his ignorance when he knows that he stands *first* in any one line, a position which can only be attained by being content to remain ignorant of much which

others know, or half-know.\* Until we gain this courage, we can never rise to a higher status than Half-culture. No individual can hope to excel in many things at once. Be your natural gifts what they may, you can only reach the top on one path. You must have your specialty and stick to it. How is it, then, that we expect of children something analagous to what we ourselves confessedly cannot pretend to attempt? I cannot be at once a first rate Doctor, Preacher, Lawyer, Statesman, Farmer, and Mechanic; but I expect my son to be a first-class Reader, Writer, Arithmetician, Geographer, Grammarian, Algebraist, Historian, Geometrician, with a smattering of Botany, Chemistry, Philosophy, Mensuration, Book-keeping, and Geology! If the adult, in order to succeed, must confine his efforts to a single line; how shall a child carry a dozen branches abreast? This question must be squarely met: otherwise straw rather than wheat shall be our harvest.

### III. MULTUM.

We must substitute *multum* for *multa*. Our Public School Programme of studies is not really overcharged. Its rational use rests with the Teacher, Parents, and Trustees. Let Public Opinion rave. As *much* may be taught as ever, with shorter hours, fewer and smaller Text books. The time devoted to any subject ought to bear a just proportion to its value. Much of the teaching may be made incidental, collateral. The time

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\*My esteemed friend, the REV. A. C. NESBITT, M. A., Rector of Richmond, has kindly sent me the following from the *Church Quarterly Review* for October,—"The Board by whom the studies of the Theological School at Oxford are controlled and directed, have lately decided on a change of no small importance. They propose to break up the huge and unmanageable mass of dogmatic Theology into three separate subjects between which *the student may take his choice*; and, in his reading, they direct his attention to the *subject* so chosen, rather than to any particular *book* which they may require him to read. The Examination will aim at *testing his grasp on the principles* with which the suggested books are concerned. The student will thus work with a definite aim before him: he will have a thread to follow as he makes his way along. Even if he looses something by narrowing his attention to one special field, *he will gain infinitely more than he looses by securing intelligent possession of the matters which he handles, instead of being left, at the end of his course, with a vague and insecure hold on a system of doctrine which deadens by its mass, and bewilders by its variety.* An accurate grasp on any one of the main theological subjects is a sure method of entry upon all the other subjects with which it is so intimately united."

devoted to such subjects as Geography should be reduced to a minimum. In this way room would be left for a more thorough drill in solid, intellectual matters, such as Euclid. English Grammar has usurped too much space. Why should it be so entirely separated from the little family group to which it belongs? Writing, Spelling, Composition, Grammar should go hand in hand, and be chiefly taught from the Readers. If these were absolutely pure in style, the pupil would insensibly, but gradually imbibe a like purity of composition, and an accurate use of speech. As the matter stands at present, the best pupils in our schools are distinguished rather for a knowledge of the *rules* of Grammar, than for easy, graceful, and elegant diction. Even Teachers themselves, are sometimes known to speak the Queen's English with awkwardness, and write it without grace.

To conclude: let the school drill be daily supplemented by continuous general Reading. In this way the youth of the land will go forth to the battle of Life with faculties well-trained for the conflict, and with an ever-expanding intelligence.

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## MISCELLANEA.

I am a strenuous advocate of a General Elementary Education,—more thorough and real than that we boast of, though less pretentious,—but I am no blind worshipper of this Modern god. I am not one of those who consider Education a panacea for our social ills. I do not deem “Ignorance the mother of Vice;”\* nor Virtue inseparable from Intelligence. Besides the matters discussed in previous Papers, there are many things debateable in our Modern Systems. Many of the prevalent ideas on Education are utterly unsound—some of them simply pernicious. Some things which pass current as axiomatic truths, are not only untrue, but

\* “If Ignorance were the mother of vice, and if our public-school system were what it is set up to be, the fruits of the latter would by this time have been manifest, plainly visible to the whole world, in our moral advancement as a people, in a higher tone in our society, in the greater purity of our politics, and the incorruptibility of our legislators, in the increase probity of the executive officers of our State and Municipal Governments and of our Corporate financial bodies, in the superior wisdom and more solid integrity of our bench, in the sobriety of our matrons, the modesty of our maidens, the greater faithfulness of wives, the diminution of divorces, the steady decrease of vice and crime and idleness and vagrancy and vagabondage \* \* \* Our large towns swarm with idle, vicious lads and young men who have no visible means of support. Our rural districts are infested with tramps—a creature unknown to our fathers, or even to us in our youth. The corruption of our legislative bodies is so wide and so deep and so well known, that great corporations and business men of large wealth can almost always obtain the legislation needful for their ends, right or wrong. Bribery at elections is almost openly practiced by both of our great political parties. The general tone and character of our bench, both for learning, for wisdom, and integrity, have fallen notably during the last thirty years. Dishonesty in business and betrayal of trust have become so common, that the public record for the last fifteen years on this subject, is such, that it cannot be remembered without shame. Politics, instead of being purified and elevated, has become a trade in which success falls year by year more to inferior men who have a little low cunning. (Very like Ottawa and Carleton.) Divorces have multiplied until they have become so common as to be a stock jest in the facetious column of our newspapers. Crime and vice have increased year after year almost *pari passu* with the development of the public-school system, which instead of lifting the masses, have given us in their place a nondescript and hybrid class, unfit for professional or mercantile life, unwilling and also unable to be farmers or artisans, so that gradually our skilled labour is done more by immigrant foreigners; while our native Citizens, who would otherwise naturally fill this respectable and comfortable position in society, seek to make their living by their wits—honestly if they can; if not more or less dishonestly; or, falling this, by petty office-seeking. Filial respect and parental love have both diminished; and, as for the modesty of our young men, and even for our young women, they do not even blush that they have lost it.

utterly false: others are, to say the least, debateable. Such is the assumption that the mere Light of Intellectual Education produces Moral elevation of the masses. This is indeed the *raison d'être* of our School system. Many honestly believe this: some doubt it: others deny it *toto celo*. These last contend that cold intellectual Light, without moral warmth, "will not produce a healthy social life," any more than a healthy physical life can exist in the light of a thousand suns, without the genial warmth of one. "My own judgment is that man's three-fold nature must be *equally* cultivated ALL ROUND if you would have him sound and *safe* in every way: and that *in* practice, we really treat the cultivation of the Intellect as the whole or nearly the whole of Education. I believe it is God's will, not that man should remain in a state of nature, but that *all* parts of his being should be caused to grow harmoniously together.

According to the "Report of the President of the New York Board of Education" for 1879, nearly four million dollars were paid for public education in that city in one year. A writer commenting on this statement, says: "According to independent and competent evidence from all quarters, the mass of the pupils of these public schools are unable to read intelligently, to spell correctly, to write legibly, or to do anything that reasonably well-educated children should do with ease. They cannot write a simple letter; they cannot do readily and with quick comprehension a simple "sum" in practical Arithmetic; they cannot tell the meaning of any but the commonest of the words they spell so ill. They can give *rules* glibly; they can recite from *memory*; they have some dry, disjointed knowledge, of various *ologies* and *osophies*; they can, some of them, read a little French or German with a very bad accent; but, as to such elementary education as is alike the foundation of all real higher education, and the *sine qua non* of successful life in this age, they are, most of

them, in almost as helpless and barren a condition of mind as if they had never crossed the threshold of a schoolhouse."

Another writes: "Scholars of fourteen years of age did not know how to read, write, or cipher. They could, it is true, repeat the pieces in their school readers, parse and spell in classes, and rattle off rules in grammar and arithmetic, not one word of which they understood; but if they were called upon to write the shortest of letters or the simplest of composition, or to go through the plainest of arithmetical combinations, their failure was complete." Thus far the schools of New York city. This picture has a startling likeness to our own some years ago. We do better now. In Carleton, I insist on it that every pupil of fourteen should be able to read well, have a fluent pen; know how to express his thoughts, and have thoughts to express; spell correctly; be ready, quick, accurate in mental numerical calculations, and not bother his head too much about isms and ologies

### COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

This is eminently an age of Examinations. I do not mean to discuss the question of Public School Examinations, at which, the shallower the exhibition, the greater usually the applause of admiring Parents and Visitors. I shall confine myself to examinations such as *Teachers* are required to undergo. The East India Service and the Civil Service in England are now recruited through the medium of competitive examinations; and the Public Mind seems to assume the finality of these examinations as a test of fitness for office. My experience of fourteen years as a member of an examining Board does not lead me to a similar conclusion. Competitive Examinations are indispensable; but as a test of *Capacity* they are not conclusive. Conducted under cast-iron rules, the judgment, the wisdom of the Examiners is all but excluded. A candidate who succeeds in getting so many marks, passes as a



matter of course: another who falls short by a mark or two, fails. Even were the marking infallible, the test would not be absolute. Some examiners may consider themselves all but infallible; but *is* there one infallible examiner in existence? But, assuming the marking to be absolutely correct, does it follow that the result is unassailable? I do not think so. In this age of "Cram," with our ingenious and multifarious facilities for "Cram," the chances are that solid worth may be set aside for shallow, showy expertness. The man that gets the most *marks* is not always the best scholar. Modesty and nervousness have caused many to fail in a public examination. And then, how many qualities necessary in a good teacher, are there, which cannot be taken account of under this system. I would adhere to the system as it is, and so far as it goes: but I do not think it should be final. Candidates should be further required to pass an oral examination. They should be asked to discuss some question in presence of the Board, or to write a *thesis*, which would bring out their mental *Capacity*, not their "Cram." Professor Huxley says: "Examination—thorough, searching examination—is an indispensable accompaniment of teaching; and I am almost inclined to commit myself to the very heterodox proposition, that it is a *necessary evil*. I am an old Examiner, having for twenty years past been occupied with examinations on a considerable scale, of all sorts and conditions of men, and women too—from the boys and girls of elementary schools, to the Candidates for Honors and Fellowships in the Universities. I will not say that in this case, as in so many others, the adage, that familiarity breeds contempt, holds good; but my admiration for the existing system of examination and its products, does not wax warmer as I see more of it. Examination, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and there seems to me to be some danger of its becoming our master. *I by no means stand alone in this opinion.* Experienced friends of mine do not

hesitate to say that students whose career they watch, appear to them to become deteriorated by the constant effort to pass this or that examination; just as we hear of men's brains becoming affected by the daily necessity of catching a train. *They work to pass, not to know*; and outraged science takes her revenge. They *do pass*, and they DO NOT KNOW. I have passed sundry examinations in my time, not without credit; and, I confess I am ashamed to think *how very little real knowledge underlay the torrent of stuff which I was able to pour out on paper*. In fact, that which examination, as ordinarily conducted, tests, is simply a man's power of work under stimulus, and his capacity for rapidly and clearly producing that which, for a time, he has got into his mind." Professor Huxley is right. PUBLIC OPINION, however, jealously watching, says: "marks, only marks." The truth is that in this Republican age, everybody distrusts everybody,—the result is cast-iron rules which shut everybody's mouth and satisfy nobody. Our experiments in Education will eventually land us back in the old methods. Centralization, system, may have their advantages; but local influences will not be challenged with impunity. How can the "Central Committee" know from his "Papers" whether the Candidate wears a shirt collar, or appears before his pupils with unpolluted boots? I suppose, however, that shirt collars, and polish, are not matters of consequence. Our Examinations *are a test of memory* much more than of solid massive mental Power.

When I was a schoolmaster, my gravest punishment descended on the boy who had *lied*. When a farmer goes out to the woods in quest of a basswood tree for boards, and is deceived by a *hollow* one, he is in the position of the teacher who has to deal with a youth essentially untruthful. "Wild" boys may be tamed, but a boy devoid of honour, is hopeless. Teachers should cultivate a manly spirit in the youth committed

to their charge. Tale-bearing should be crushed with an iron heel. The school-room ought not to be made a nursery for detectives. Let disputes be settled elsewhere.

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"The following is the list of studies prescribed by law to be taught in all the High Schools of Massachusetts: Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, the History of the United States, and good behaviour; Algebra, Vocal Music, Agriculture, physiology, and hygiene; General History, Book-keeping, Surveying, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, the Civil Polity of the Commonwealth and of the United States, and the Latin Language; the Greek and French Languages, Astronomy, Geology, Rhetoric, Logic, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy." Poor children! On the last subject alone, having listened to the utterances of the collective wisdom of Canada during several sessions of Parliament, and having found myself in the end more in the dark than at first, I can feel for the American children, or their tax-paying parents. When will this Educational *rabies* be cured?

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I have said all I wish to say at present. To sum up, I want to see every child in the land educated in the way which will best conduce to his interests and those of the state. Should my views, unhappily not meet with the approbation of the public, I shall regret the fact; but I shall console myself with Stephenson's famous observation when a far-seeing Committee asked him what would become of his Railway Trains should a cow happen to be on the track: "The worse for the Coo." Common Sense has an irresistible momentum; and will crush with the pitilessness of the "Iron Horse" any Educational or other "Coo" found wandering on her track.

THE END.

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